

# CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 93. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1845.

PRICE 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.

## 'SENTIMENT OF PRE-EXISTENCE.'

THIS is an expression of Sir Walter Scott for a peculiar feeling which he is supposed to have been the first to describe. The description is thrown into the mouth of Henry Bertram on his return to Ellangowan Castle: 'How often,' he says, 'do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place!' It appears, from a passage in the 'Wool-gatherer,' a tale by James Hogg, that that extraordinary son of genius was occasionally conscious of the same feeling. Wordsworth, too, hints at it, with an intimation that it is the recollection of a former existence—

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;  
The soul that rises in us, our life's star,  
Has had elsewhere its setting,  
And cometh from afar.

In a curious and original book, entitled 'The Duality of the Mind,' written by Dr Wigan, and published last year, this strange sentiment is adduced as an evidence in favour of the conclusion aimed at, that the mind is double in its whole structure, correspondingly with the duplicity of the structure of the brain. 'It is a sudden feeling, as if the scene we have just witnessed (although from the very nature of things it could never have been seen before) had been present to our eyes on a former occasion, when the very same speakers, seated in the very same positions, uttered the same sentiments in the same words—the postures, the expression of countenance, the gestures, the tone of voice, all seem to be remembered, and to be now attracting attention for the second time: never is it supposed to be the third time. This delusion,' pursues the writer, 'occurs only when the mind has been exhausted by excitement, or is, from indisposition or any other cause, languid, and only slightly attentive to the conversation. The persuasion of the scene being a repetition, comes on when the attention has been roused by some accidental circumstance, and we become, as the phrase is, wide awake. I believe the explanation to be this: only one brain has been used in the immediately preceding part of the scene; the other brain has been asleep, or in an analogous state nearly approaching it. When the attention of both brains is roused to the topic, there is the same vague consciousness that the ideas have passed through the mind before, which takes place on re-perusing the page we had read while thinking on some other subject. The ideas have passed through the mind before; and as there was not sufficient consciousness to fix them in the memory without a renewal, we have no means of knowing the length of time that had elapsed between the

faint impression received by the single brain, and the distinct impression received by the double brain. It may seem to have been many years. I have often noticed this in children, and believe they have sometimes been punished for the involuntary error, in the belief that they have been guilty of deliberate falsehood.

'The strongest example of this delusion I ever recollect in my own person was on the occasion of the funeral of the Princess Charlotte. The circumstances connected with that event formed in every respect a most extraordinary psychological curiosity, and afforded an instructive view of the moral feelings pervading a whole nation, and showing themselves without restraint or disguise. There is, perhaps, no example in history of so intense and so universal a sympathy, for almost every conceivable misfortune to one party is a source of joy, satisfaction, or advantage to another. The event was attended by the strange peculiarity, that it could be a subject of joy or satisfaction to no one. It is difficult to imagine another instance of a calamity by which none could derive any possible benefit; for in the then state of succession to the throne no one was apparently even brought a step nearer to it. One mighty all-absorbing grief possessed the whole nation, and was aggravated in each individual by the sympathy of his neighbour, till the whole people became infected with an amiable insanity, and incapable of estimating the real extent of their loss. No one under five-and-thirty or forty years of age can form a conception of the universal paroxysm of grief which then superseded every other feeling.

'I had obtained permission to be present on the occasion of the funeral, as one of the lord chamberlain's staff. Several disturbed nights previous to that ceremony, and the almost total privation of rest on the night immediately preceding it, had put my mind into a state of hysterical irritability, which was still further increased by grief, and by exhaustion from want of food; for between breakfast and the hour of interment at midnight, such was the confusion in the town of Windsor, that no expenditure of money could procure refreshment.

'I had been standing four hours, and on taking my place by the side of the coffin, in St George's chapel, was only prevented from fainting by the interest of the scene. All that our truncated ceremonies could bestow of pomp was there, and the exquisite music produced a sort of hallucination. Suddenly after the pathetic *Miserere* of Mozart, the music ceased, and there was an absolute silence. The coffin, placed on a kind of altar covered with black cloth (united to the black cloth which covered the pavement), sank down so slowly through the floor, that it was only in measuring its progress by some brilliant object beyond it that any motion could be perceived. I had fallen into a sort of

torpid reverie, when I was recalled to consciousness by a paroxysm of violent grief on the part of the bereaved husband, as his eye suddenly caught the coffin sinking into its black grave, formed by the inverted covering of the altar. In an instant I felt not merely an impression, but a conviction that I had seen the whole scene before on some former occasion, and had heard even the very words addressed to myself by Sir George Naylor.

The author thus concludes—'Often did I discuss this matter with my talented friend, the late Dr Gooch, who always took great interest in subjects occupying the debateable region between physics and metaphysics; but we could never devise an explanation satisfactory to either of us. I cannot but think that the theory of two brains affords a sufficient solution of the otherwise inexplicable phenomenon. It is probable that some of the examples of religious mysticism, which we generally set down as imposture, may have their origin in similar hallucinations, and that in the uneducated mind these apparent recollections of past scenes, similar to the present, may give to an enthusiast the idea of inspiration, especially where one brain has a decided tendency to insanity, as is so often the case with such persons.'

In the more recently published 'Dashes at Life' of Mr N. P. Willis, there is an article entitled 'A Revelation of a Previous Life,' in which the actuality of such a life is assumed as the veritable cause of the phenomenon. The whole paper has the air of fiction; yet, as it relates to a subject on which our materials are meagre, we shall make some reference to it. The writer first makes the following statement of (apparently) a serious nature:—'Walking in a crowded street, in perfect health, with every faculty gaily alive, I suddenly lose the sense of neighbourhood. I see—I hear—but I feel as if I had become invisible where I stand, and was, at the same time, present and visible elsewhere. I know everything that passes around me, but I seem disconnected and (magnetically speaking) unlinked from the human beings near. If spoken to at such a moment, I answer with difficulty. The person who speaks seems addressing me from a world to which I no longer belong. At the same time, I have an irresistible inner consciousness of being present in another scene of every-day life—where there are streets, and houses, and people—where I am looked on without surprise as a familiar object—where I have cares, fears, objects to attain—a different scene altogether, and a different life from the scene and life of which I was a moment before conscious. I have a dull ache at the back of my eyes for the minute or two that this trance lasts, and then slowly and reluctantly my absent soul seems creeping back; the magnetic links of conscious neighbourhood, one by one, re-attach, and I resume my ordinary life, but with an irrepressible feeling of sadness.'

The author then relates an adventure which occurred to him a few years ago at Gratz, in Styria, on the occasion of his being taken by a friend to an evening party, at the house of a noblewoman of that country. 'It was a lovely summer's night when we strolled through the principal street toward our gay destination; and as I drew upon my friend's arm to stop him while the military band of the fortress finished a delicious waltz (they were playing in the public square), he pointed out to me the spacious balconies of the countess's palace, whither we were going, crowded with the well-dressed company, listening silently to the same enchanting music. We entered, and after an interchange of compliments with the hostess, I availed myself of my friend's second introduction to take a stand in one of the balconies beside the person I was presented to, and, under cover of her favour, to hear out the unfinished music of the band.'

'As the evening darkened, the lights gleamed out

from the illuminated rooms more brightly, and most of the guests deserted the balconies, and joined the gayer circles within. The music ceased at the beat of the drum. My companion in the balcony was a very quiet young lady, and, like myself, she seemed subdued by the sweet harmonies we had listened to, and willing to remain without the shadow of the curtain. We were not alone there, however. A tall lady, of very stately presence, and with the remains of remarkable beauty, stood on the opposite side of the balcony, and she too seemed to shrink from the glare within, and cling to the dewy darkness of the summer night.

'After the cessation of the music, there was no longer an excuse for intermittent conversation, and starting a subject which afforded rather freer scope, I did my best to credit my friend's flattering introduction. I had discoursed away for half an hour very unreservedly, before I discovered that, with her hand upon her side, in an attitude of repressed emotion, the tall lady was earnestly listening to me. A third person embarrasses even the most indifferent dialogue. The conversation languished, and my companion rose and took my arm for a promenade through the rooms.

'Later in the evening, my friend came in search of me to the supper room.

"*Mon ami!*" he said, "a great honour has fallen out of the sky for you. I am sent to bring you to the *beau reste* of the handsomest woman of Styria—Margaret, Baroness R—, whose chateau I pointed out to you in the gold light of yesterday's sunset. She wishes to know you—why, I cannot wholly divine—for it is the first sign of ordinary feeling that she has given in twenty years. But she seems agitated, and sits alone in the countess's boudoir. *Allons-y!*"

'As we made our way through the crowd, he hastily sketched me an outline of the lady's history: "At seventeen, taken from a convent for a forced marriage with the baron whose name she bears; at eighteen, a widow, and, for the first time, in love—the subject of her passion a young artist of Vienna on his way to Italy. The artist died at her chateau—they were to have been married—she has ever since worn weeds for him. And the remainder you must imagine—for here we are!"

'The baroness leaned with her elbow upon a small table of *or-molu*, and her position was so taken that I seated myself necessarily in a strong light, while her features were in shadow. Still the light was sufficient to show me the expression of her countenance. She was a woman apparently about forty-five, of noble physiognomy, and a peculiar fulness of the eyelid—something like to which I thought I remembered to have seen in a portrait of a young girl many years before. The resemblance troubled me somewhat.

"You will pardon me this freedom," said the baroness, with forced composure, "when I tell you that—a friend—whom I have mourned twenty-five years—seems present to me when you speak."

'I was silent, for I knew not what to say. The baroness shaded her eyes with her hand, and sat silent for a few moments, gazing at me.

"You are not like him in a single feature," she resumed, "yet the expression of your face strangely, very strangely, is the same. He was darker—slighter."

"Of my age?" I inquired, to break my own silence; for there was something in her voice which gave me the sensation of a voice heard in a dream.

"Oh, that voice! that voice!" she exclaimed wildly, burying her face in her hands, and giving way to a passionate burst of tears.

"Rodolph," she resumed, recovering herself with a strong effort—"Rodolph died with the promise on his lips that death should not divide us. And I have seen him! Not in dreams—not in reverie—not at times when my fancy could delude me. I have seen him suddenly before me in the street—in Vienna—here—at home at noonday—for minutes together, gazing on me. It is more in latter years that I have been visited

by him; and a hope has latterly sprung into being in my heart, I know not how, that in person, palpable and breathing, I should again hold converse with him—fold him living to my bosom. Pardon me! You will think me mad!

"I might well pardon her; for as she talked, a vague sense of familiarity with her voice, a memory powerful, though indistinct, of having before dwelt on those majestic features, an impulse of tearful passionateness to rush to her embrace, well-nigh overpowered me. She turned to me again.

"You are an artist?" she said inquiringly.

"No; though intended for one, I believe, by nature."

"And you were born in the year —?"

"I was."

"With a scream she added the day of my birth, and, waiting an instant for my assent, dropped to the floor, and clung convulsively and weeping to my knees.

"Rodolph! Rodolph!" she murmured faintly, as her long gray tresses fell over her shoulders, and her head dropped insensibly upon her breast.

"Her cry had been heard, and several persons entered the room. I rushed out of doors. I had need to be in darkness and alone."

The hero of the tale then receives a letter from the baroness, professing to consider him as her lost Rodolph Isenberg, and offering him her undying affections. "Your soul comes back," she says, "youthfully and newly clad, while mine, though of unfading freshness and youthfulness within, shows to your eye the same outer garment, grown dull with mourning, and faded with the wear of time. Am I grown distasteful? Is it with the sight only of this new body that you look upon me? Rodolph!—spirit that was my devoted and passionate admirer! soul that was sworn to me for ever!—am I—the same Margaret, re-found and recognised—grown repulsive? O Heaven! what a bitter answer would this be to my prayers for your return to me! I will trust in Him whose benign goodness smiles upon fidelity in love. I will prepare a fitter meeting for two who parted as lovers. You shall not see me again in the house of a stranger, and in a mourning attire. When this letter is written, I will depart at once for the scene of our love. I hear my horses already in the courtyard, and while you read this I am speeding swiftly home. The bridal dress you were secretly shown the day before death came between us, is still freshly kept. The room where we sat, the bowers by the stream, the walks where we projected our sweet promise of a future, they shall all be made ready. They shall be as they were! And I, oh Rodolph! I shall be the same. My heart is not grown old, Rodolph! Believe me, I am unchanged in soul! And I will strive to be—I will strive to look—Heaven help me to look and be—as of yore!"

The revived Rodolph was unfortunately engaged to a youthful mistress, and he was therefore obliged to leave the baroness to the tragic consequences of her too deep feelings.

We would now remark, that the so-called sentiment of pre-existence may often be produced by a simpler cause than that suggested by Dr Wigan; namely, the recollection of some actual circumstances in our life, of which the present are a repetition. In the routine of ordinary existence, there is much that is the same from day to day. We must often stand in exactly the same relations to certain persons and scenes that we stood in many years ago; those of the past are, in their particulars, forgotten, but still the shade of their general memory lasts, and this may be what revives on the new occasion. With regard to such apparent revivals of a whole being, as Mr Willis's story describes—and to us it is the same at least as if founded on fact, for we have undoubted knowledge of a case precisely similar in the main features—we can explain it to our own satisfaction by the fact that individuals are occasionally met with who very nearly resemble, in person, features, voice, and even moral characteristics, certain

other persons living far apart, and in no degree related; nature having, as it were, a certain set of moulds for the various peculiarities of her children, and of course now and then associating the whole in more instances than one.

### MR LYELL AND THE AMERICANS.

IN 1841-2 Mr Lyell, the well-known geologist, took a run through a great portion of the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia. His primary object was the geology of the North American continent, but the manners and customs of the people did not altogether escape his attention. Dismissing his scientific observations for the present, it may be interesting to learn the opinions of such a traveller—as distinguished from the mere literary or fashionable tourist—respecting the social characteristics of the young republic. Accustomed to reflection and accuracy of statement, his remarks are of more than ordinary value; at least they are not likely to be biased by the desire of producing an attractive book, in which sober truth is subordinated to satirical brilliancy.

Mr Lyell sailed from Liverpool in the steam-ship Acadia, on the 20th July 1841, and after a voyage of twelve days dropped quietly into the harbour of Boston. Here he found everything bearing a close resemblance to what he had left in the mother country. 'Recollecting the contrast of everything French when I first crossed the straits of Dover, I am astonished, after having traversed the wide ocean, at the resemblance of everything I see and hear to things familiar at home. It has so often happened to me in our own island, without travelling into those parts of Wales, Scotland, or Ireland, where they talk a perfectly distinct language, to encounter provincial dialects which it is difficult to comprehend, that I wonder at finding the people here so very English. If the metropolis of New England be a type of a large part of the United States, the industry of Sam Slick, and other writers, in collecting together so many diverting Americanisms, and so much original slang, is truly great, or their inventive powers still greater.' After some pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood of Boston, our traveller started for Newhaven in Connecticut, going the first hundred miles on an excellent railway in three and a half hours, for three dollars. At Newhaven, which is a town with a population of 21,000, and having a university, Mr Lyell attended divine worship according to the Presbyterian form, and found things differing so little from what he had been accustomed to, that he could scarcely believe that he was not in Scotland.

Completing his investigations in the neighbourhood of Newhaven, Mr Lyell steamed for New York—a distance of ninety miles, in six hours; and from thence up the Hudson to Albany. Having the best of all introductions, an established fame, the American geologists were ever willing guides and companions, and thus he was enabled to pass on directly to the objects of special interest. From Albany he proceeded to Niagara, to examine the falls, and the deposits along the lakes Erie and Ontario. In this route he passed through many new and flourishing towns, the nomenclature of which is grotesque and incongruous in the extreme. In one short month 'we had been at Syracuse, Utica, Rome, and Parma, had gone from Buffalo to Batavia, and on the same day breakfasted at St Helena and dined at Elba. We collected fossils at Moscow, and travelled by Painted Post

\* Travels in North America; with Geological Observations on the United States, Canada, and Nova Scotia. By Charles Lyell, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Murray, 1845.



and Big Flats to Havana. After returning by Auburn to Albany, I was taken to Troy, a city of 20,000 inhabitants, that I might see a curious landslip, which had just happened on Mount Olympus, the western side of that hill, together with a contiguous portion of Mount Ida, having slid down into the Hudson. Fortunately some few of the Indian names, such as Mohawk, Ontario, Oneida, Canandaigua, and Niagara, are retained. Although legislative interference in behalf of good taste would not be justifiable, congress might interpose for the sake of the post-office, and prevent the future multiplication of the same name for villages, cities, counties, and townships. That more than a hundred places should be called Washington is an intolerable nuisance.

Notwithstanding the absurdity of their names, the fact of towns with 20,000 inhabitants flourishing in the wilderness where, twenty-five years ago, the first settler built his log-cabin, gives rise to pleasing and hopeful reflections. 'The vast stride made by one generation in a brief moment of time, naturally disposes us to magnify and exaggerate the rapid rate of future improvement. The contemplation of so much prosperity, such entire absence of want and poverty, so many school-houses and churches rising everywhere in the woods, and such a general desire of education, with the consciousness that a great continent lies beyond, which has still to be appropriated, fills the traveller with cheering thoughts and sanguine hopes. He may be reminded that there is another side to the picture; that where the success has been so brilliant, and where large fortunes have been hastily realised, there will be rash speculations and bitter disappointments; but these ideas do not force themselves into the reveries of the passing stranger. He sees around him the solid fruits of victory, and forgets that many a soldier in the foremost ranks has fallen in the breach; and cold indeed would be his temperament if he did not sympathise with the freshness and hopefulness of a new country, and feel as men past the prime of life are accustomed to feel when in company with the young, who are full of health and buoyant spirits, of faith and confidence in the future.'

Having inspected the falls and the lake district, Mr Lyell returned to New York; from which, after a short stay, he departed for Philadelphia. In this journey he met with all sorts of people, and had excellent opportunities for studying the national peculiarities. The following anecdotes, dismissed in a dozen lines, would have supplied Mrs Trollope with comment for a chapter:—'I asked the landlord of the inn at Corning, who was very attentive to his guests, to find my coachman. He immediately called out in his bar-room, "Where is the gentleman who brought this man here?" A few days before, a farmer in New York had styled my wife "the woman," though he called his own daughters *ladies*, and would, I believe, have freely extended that title to their maid-servant. I was told of a witness in a late trial at Boston, who stated in evidence, that "while he and another gentleman were shovelling up mud," &c.; from which it appears that the spirit of social equality has left no other signification to the terms "gentleman" and "lady," but that of "male and female individual." Though thus confounding the terms which with us bear so important a distinction, the Americans are everywhere most polite and attentive to the fair sex. "One of the first peculiarities," says Mr Lyell, "that must strike a foreigner in the United States, is the deference paid universally to the sex with regard to station. Women may travel alone here in stage-coaches, steamboats, and railways, with less risk of encountering disagreeable behaviour, and of hearing coarse and unpleasant conversation, than in any country I have ever visited. The contrast in this respect between the Americans and the

French is quite remarkable. There is a spirit of true gallantry in all this; but the publicity of the railway car, where all are in one long room, and of the large ordinaries, whether on land or water, is a great protection, the want of which has been felt by many a female traveller without escort in England. As the Americans address no conversation to strangers, we soon became tolerably reconciled to living so much in public. Our fellow-passengers consisted, for the most part, of shopkeepers, artisans, and mechanics, with their families, all well dressed, and so far as we had intercourse with them, polite and desirous to please. A large part of them were on pleasure excursions, in which they delight to spend their spare cash. On one or two occasions, in the newly-settled districts of New York, it was intimated to us that we were expected to sit down to dinner with our driver, usually the son or brother of the farmer who owned the vehicle. We were invariably struck with the propriety of their manners, in which there was self-respect without forwardness. The only disagreeable adventure, in the way of coming into close contact with low and coarse companions, arose from my taking places in a cheap canal-boat, near Lockport, partly filled with emigrants, and corresponding somewhat, in the rank of its passengers, with a third-class railway carriage in England.

'Travellers must make up their minds, in this as in other countries, to fall in now and then with free and easy people. I am bound, however, to say that, in the two most glaring instances of vulgar familiarity which we have experienced here, we found out that both the offenders had crossed the Atlantic only ten years before, and had risen rapidly from a humble station. Whatever good breeding exists here in the middle classes, is certainly not of foreign importation; and John Bull in particular, when out of humour with the manners of the Americans, is often unconsciously beholding his own image in the mirror, or comparing one class of society in the United States with another in his own country, which ought, from superior affluence and leisure, to exhibit a higher standard of refinement and intelligence.' In addition to this good breeding, which makes travelling in America so pleasant, Mr Lyell met with no beggars—witnessed no signs of want, but saw everywhere unequivocal proofs of prosperity and rapid progress in agriculture, commerce, and great public works. This prosperity he ascribes neither to a republican institution, nor to an absolute equality of religious sects, and still less to universal suffrage; it is, he believes, owing to the abundance of uncultivated land, and a ready outlet to a redundant labouring population.

From Philadelphia our traveller proceeded to the chalk district of New Jersey, and thence westward to the anthracite coal-measures of Pennsylvania. By the time he had reached the summit of the Alleghanies, symptoms of approaching winter were around him, and so he retraced his route to Philadelphia, which he found (October 12) in the bustle of a general election. Processions, music, banners, and other paraphernalia suiting the occasion, thronged the streets, and the great bell of the State House tolled all day to remind the electors of their duties. This leads Mr Lyell into some reflections on politics and repudiation, both of which we gladly eschew; trusting that a country with such resources and enterprise will not be guilty of any breach of faith which would be to it a disgrace that ages could not obliterate. From Philadelphia our tourist passed on to Boston, where he delivered a course of lectures on geology, and spent part of the winter. His audience, he informs us, usually consisted of 3000 persons, of every station in society, from the most affluent and eminent in the various learned professions to the humblest mechanics, all well-dressed and observing the utmost decorum. Attendance on public lectures seems, indeed, to be a common feature in the habits of the New Englanders. 'At a small town,' says our author, 'I was getting some travelling instructions at the bar of an inn, when a carpenter entered who had just finished his day's work, and asked what lecture would be given that evening. The reply was, Mr M. on the astronomy of the middle ages. He then inquired if it was

gratis, and was answered in the negative, the price being 25 cents (one shilling), upon which he said he would go, and accordingly returned home to dress. It reflects no small credit on the national system of education, that crowds of the labouring classes, of both sexes, should seek recreation, after the toils of the day, in listening to discourses of this kind. There are, it seems, many munificent bequests for this purpose, for we are told that in the state of Massachusetts alone, there has, during the last thirty years, been bequeathed for religious, charitable, and literary institutions, not less than six millions of dollars, or more than a million sterling.

With Boston, which seems one of the most enlightened and wealthy cities in the union, our author was perfectly delighted. Its institutions and society were quite to his liking, and he and Mrs Lyell 'often reflected with surprise in how many parts of England they should have felt less at home.' It is somewhat common for Englishmen travelling in the United States to complain of the Americans as a disagreeable people, but on this point Mr Lyell wisely remarks—'It would certainly be strange if persons of refined habits, even without being fastidious, who travel to see life, and think it their duty, with a view of studying character, to associate indiscriminately with all kinds of people, visiting the first strangers who ask them to their houses, and choosing their companions without reference to congeniality of taste, pursuits, manners, or opinions, did not find society in their own or any other country in the world intolerable.' This is putting the matter in its true light: no one need leave his own country, nay, his own city, to find disagreeable people, if he throw aside considerations of tastes, habits, and feelings.

In December Mr Lyell set out for the southern states, and there enjoyed the most delightful weather for geologising, while the inhabitants of Boston, Lowell, with its genteel factory girls, and other northern cities, were careering in their gaily-caparisoned sledges, over the frozen snow. The most southerly point visited was Savannah, in Georgia; and thus he had an opportunity of passing through the densely-populated slave districts, to the condition of which he directed no small share of his attention. Though not inclined to advocate slavery, his impression of the condition of the slaves was rather favourable than otherwise. 'After the accounts I had read of the sufferings of slaves, I was agreeably surprised to find them, in general, so remarkably cheerful and light-hearted. It is true that I saw no gangs working under overseers on sugar-plantations, but out of two millions and a half of slaves in the United States, the larger proportion are engaged in such farming occupations and domestic services as I witnessed in Georgia and South Carolina. I was often for days together with negroes who served me as guides, and found them as talkative and chatty as children, usually boasting of their master's wealth, and their own peculiar merits. At an inn in Virginia, a female slave asked us to guess for how many dollars a year she was let out by her owner. We named a small sum, but she told us exultingly, that we were much under the mark, for the landlord paid fifty dollars, or ten guineas a-year for her hire. A good-humoured butler, at another inn in the same state, took care to tell me that his owner got £30 a-year for him. The coloured stewardess of a steam-ship was at great pains to tell us her value, and how she came by the name of Queen Victoria. When we recollect that the dollars are not their own, we can hardly refrain from smiling at the childlike simplicity with which they express their satisfaction at the high price set on them. That price, however, is a fair test of their intelligence and moral worth, of which they have just reason to feel proud, and their pride is at least free from all sordid and mercenary considerations. We might even say that they labour with higher motives than the whites—a disinterested love of doing their duty. I am aware that we may reflect and philosophise on this peculiar and amusing form of vanity, until we perceive in it the evidence of extreme social degradation; but the first impression which it made upon my mind was very consolatory, as I found it impossible to feel a painful degree

of commiseration for persons so exceedingly well satisfied with themselves.'

Mr Lyell, however, is not the advocate of slavery; but, while admitting the iniquity of the system as regards the negroes, its dangers as regards the numerically weaker whites, the dearth of labour and other inconveniences it occasions, he is perplexed, like other philanthropists, to devise a remedy. Immediate abolition would not only be dangerous to the white population, but disastrous to the unprovided-for and improvident blacks, who could never successfully compete with the acute and enterprising American. The way in which the planters would best consult their own interests, and that of the negroes, appears to him to be something like the following. 'They should exhibit more patience and courage towards the abolitionists, whose influence and numbers they greatly over-rate, and lose no time in educating the slaves and encouraging private manumission to prepare the way for general emancipation. All seem agreed that the states most ripe for this great reform are Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. Experience has proved in the northern states that emancipation immediately checks the increase of the coloured population, and causes the relative number of the whites to augment very rapidly. Every year, in proportion as the north-western states fill up, and as the boundary of the new settlers in the west is removed farther and farther beyond the Mississippi and Missouri, the cheaper and more accessible lands south of the Potomac will offer a more tempting field for colonisation to the swarms of New Englanders, who are averse to migrating into slave states. Before this influx of white labourers, the coloured race will give way, and it will require the watchful care of the philanthropist, whether in the north or south, to prevent them from being thrown out of employment, and reduced to destitution. If due exertions be made to cultivate the minds and protect the rights and privileges of the negroes, and it nevertheless be found that they cannot contend, when free, with white competitors, but are superseded by them, still the cause of humanity will have gained. The coloured people, though their numbers remain stationary, or even diminish, may in the meantime be happier than now, and attain to a higher moral rank. They would, moreover, escape the cruelty and injustice which are the invariable consequences of the exercise of irresponsible power, especially where authority must be sometimes delegated by the planter to agents of inferior education and coarser feelings. And last, not least, emancipation would effectually put a stop to the breeding, selling, and exporting of slaves to the sugar-growing states of the south, where, unless the accounts we usually read of slavery be exaggerated and distorted, the life of the negro is shortened by severe toil and suffering.'

Leaving the perplexing subject of slavery, we find Mr Lyell retracing his steps northward, and spending the spring of 1842 in the great coal districts of the Ohio. From Ohio his investigations led him again to Niagara, Ontario, Queenston, Montreal, and Quebec, and latterly to Nova Scotia, from which he embarked for England in August 1842. The attention which he met with in our colonies was highly flattering, and speaks volumes for the good-sense of our brethren on the other side the Atlantic. 'I never travelled in any country where my scientific pursuits seemed to be better understood, or were more zealously forwarded, than in Nova Scotia, although I went there almost without letters of introduction. At Truro, having occasion to go over a great deal of ground in different directions, on two successive days, I had employed two pair of horses, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The postmaster, an entire stranger to me, declined to receive payment for them, although I pressed him to do so, saying that he heard I was exploring the country at my own expense, and he wished to contribute his share towards scientific investigations undertaken for the public good.'

On the whole, Mr Lyell's opinions of the Americans are eminently favourable; and, as he can have no reason for stating matters otherwise than they appeared to him,

we are inclined to be swayed more by his remarks than by those of the mere fashionable or literary tourist, who, with the slenderest qualifications, often indulges in the most absurd prejudices and alliest satire.

### A FEW FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

THE magnetism of the earth has for a long time engaged the attention of philosophers, who have seen the necessity of obtaining a correct knowledge of the elements of this phenomenon; but it is only of late years that the high importance of applying these elements, as the basis of a science, has been fully recognised.

Those who have read the works of travellers, such as Erman, Hansteen, and Humboldt, will have seen that many of them made this subject the object of especial research, with a view to establish its physical laws in different geographical positions. Isolated exertions were, however, found too insignificant in comparison with the magnitude of the subject, whose phenomena are continually changing; a diligent and long-continued course of observation was therefore determined on, as the only possible means of arriving at accurate results.

The re-discovery of the fact, that magnetic disturbances occur simultaneously at places widely separated from each other, in the year 1825, by Arago at Paris and Kupffer at Kasan, led to the establishment of magnetic stations in many parts of the continent, and subsequently, on the representations of Baron Von Humboldt, in Great Britain, where the observatories for this branch of science were established at Greenwich and Dublin in 1837.\*

In the year 1834, a magnetic survey of the British Islands was commenced and completed in the course of the two following years; the results were published by the British Association in the report of 1838, and on the presentation of their memorial to government, in conjunction with the Royal Society, the South Polar Expedition, under Captain Ross, was determined on and equipped in the following year.

At the same time, the necessity for fixed points of observation having been fully recognised, observatories were established, at the charge of government, in various parts of the globe, where all the fluctuations could be duly watched and noted. Canada and Van Diemen's Land were chosen as points conveniently near to the positions of greatest magnetic intensity; St Helena, where it would be lowest; and the Cape of Good Hope, as presenting a favourable station for the observation of extraordinary phenomena. These establishments are generally under the direction of an officer of artillery, with a staff of three non-commissioned officers and two gunners, and are conducted at an expense of nearly £400 annually. The East India Company also consented to co-operate in the great work, and established observatories at various stations in the eastern continent, extending from the sea-coast to the Himalaya.

Towards the end of 1839, the persons selected for the service sailed for their respective destinations: those for St Helena and Van Diemen's Land, in the ships of the Antarctic Expedition. The period of observation was fixed for two terms of three years, in which time it was believed a sufficient number of facts would be collected to enable scientific men to found correct data for the exposition of the laws of magnetic and meteorological science. The registered observations have been regularly forwarded to London, where they are reduced and published as rapidly as is consistent with their complex nature. Such was the importance attached to these observations by the Magnetic Conference at the late meeting of the British Association, that they recommended their continuance, with some exceptions, for a

further term of three years, which will expire at the end of 1848.

For the institution of correct comparison between the observations at the various stations, the mean time at some fixed point is taken, by which the operations of all the others are regulated. The point chosen is Göttingen, the residence of Gauss, one of the most celebrated magneticians; and some idea of the labour incurred may be conceived from the fact, that results of all the instruments, which are very numerous, are read off and recorded in some cases every hour, or every two hours, night and day, excepting Sundays. On one specified day in each month, known as a 'term day,' the observations are made hourly and simultaneously at all the stations, which continue to follow the instructions prescribed at their first establishment.

It may now be asked what are the phenomena, or what facts have been elicited as a return for all this trouble and expense? Every person has some general acquaintance with the existence of magnetism, which, however, does not go far beyond the popular knowledge, that the needle points to the north. Very few, however, are aware of the universal influence of this mysterious agency, the seat of which was for a long time matter of dispute. Some placed it in a small star, forming part of the constellation the Great Bear; others at the zodiacal pole; and others, still more daring, imagined a centre of attraction existing far beyond the remotest stars. It was only at the end of the sixteenth century that the magnetism of the earth itself was proved, and its action ascertained to be the cause of movement in the magnetic needles.

If we regard the earth as one vast magnet, we shall find its power lowest in the equatorial regions, and increasing in intensity as we approach either pole; the active medium which excites the phenomena in the northern hemisphere is known as the *boreal* fluid, while the *austral* fluid is that which prevails in the opposite hemisphere; and as the fluids of contrary names attract each other, it follows that it is the south pole of a needle which points towards the north, and the north pole towards the south.

When two needles rest in the same place, their direction is parallel; but this parallelism disappears in proportion as one of the needles is removed from the other in any direction. The magnetic intensity of the earth is indicated by needles suspended vertically; and in sailing from England towards the north pole, it is seen that the needle dips or inclines more and more with the increase of latitude, until at a certain point it remains exactly perpendicular, with its south pole downwards; this point is thus known to be the magnetic pole of the earth. In sailing towards the equator, on the contrary, the inclination or dip gradually decreases, until the needle rests in a perfectly horizontal position.

The diurnal action of the magnetic fluid is shown by horizontal needles delicately suspended, as in a ship's compass; and these frequently exhibit the presence of extraordinary phenomena. Sometimes they are seen to move suddenly and accidentally, but in general regularly and periodically; the former movements are classed as perturbations or disturbances, the latter as diurnal variations. In this country, on days unmarked by any perturbation, the needle is seen to be almost stationary during the night; but at sunrise, its south pole, or northern extremity, moves towards the west, as though it fled from the influence of the great luminary: at noon, or more generally between twelve and three o'clock, it reaches the maximum of western deviation, when, by a contrary movement, it returns to the east until ten or eleven o'clock at night, and then remains nearly or exactly in its original position until the morning, when it recommences a similar oscillation. It might be supposed that solar light or heat influenced the movement, but the same phenomena have been observed in the cellars of the observatory at Paris, thirty feet below the surface of the earth, where daylight does

\* To these may be added that more recently established and supported by the private expense of Sir Thomas M. Brisbane at Makerston, near Kelso.



not enter. In more northerly countries, the variations are greater; the needle does not reach its maximum until the evening, neither does it remain at perfect rest during the night. In the southern hemisphere, the needle moves in an inverse direction, or towards the east, in the same degree, and precisely at the same time, as when on our side of the world it moves towards the west. There are several natural causes which act upon and produce perturbations in the magnetic needle; some of these are known, while others are involved in doubt and obscurity. Among the known causes, the aurora borealis appears to be the most efficacious and infallible. During the appearances of this light in the heavens of the northern regions, the needle undergoes a continual agitation and unusual deviation. It is generally observed that the summit of the glittering boreal arch is in the magnetic meridian: and it is not only in places where the aurora is visible that the agitations are seen, for the same disturbances are remarked in places where no trace of the light is perceptible; these are, however, greatest in proportion to their nearness to the cause which produces them. Sometimes, either in the night or day, the observer sees a sudden deviation of the needle, amounting often to more than a degree, without being able to trace it to any apparent cause. He, however, afterwards learns that at Paris and St Petersburg the needle experienced similar movements at the same moment, and that in the remote regions of the north a brilliant aurora was visible. Thus the patient watcher in the observatory at Greenwich is informed by his needle of all that passes in the polar regions, as he is informed by his barometer of the changes in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions appear also as causes of disturbance, with at times a permanent effect. In 1767, Bernouilli observed a diminution of half a degree of inclination during an earthquake; and La Torre remarked changes of declination during an eruption of Vesuvius. More recently, in 1839, Signor Capocci, director of the observatory at Naples, noticed a sudden decrease of more than half a degree of declination, also at the time of an eruption.

The simultaneity of disturbances in places remote from each other has been incidentally noticed; and it appears, on a comparison of the observations made at Prague, at Toronto, at Van Diemen's Land, and St Helena, places very widely separated, that nearly the whole of the perturbations manifested themselves at each of the stations at the same time, though modified by various local circumstances. Not the least important advantage that may be expected to result from the establishment of these observatories, will be the preservation of the record of such phenomena whose effects appear to be universal. During Cook's voyages, whenever he observed an aurora australis, the aurora borealis were seen in Europe. In January 1769, an aurora was visible at the same time in Pennsylvania and in France; and later, in January 1831, the same phenomenon was simultaneously observed in central and northern Europe, and on the borders of Lake Erie in North America; and it is now believed that local manifestations are connected with magnetic effects prevailing at the same time all over the globe.

The science of magnetism is intimately connected with that of meteorology: a knowledge of both is necessary to enable us to define with certainty the action of the unseen physical agencies. Something has already been done towards a determination of the laws of storms and atmospheric changes, and still further knowledge may be expected from the number of observatories—nearly one hundred—now at work; as, by means of the recorded facts, the extent of disturbance is ascertained. It was thus known, on the morning of February 3, 1842, that 'rain was falling throughout nearly every portion of the United States, from an unknown distance in the Atlantic to far beyond the Mississippi, and from the Gulf of Mexico northward to an unknown distance beyond Lake Superior. The area on which rain is ascertained

to have been simultaneously falling was more than 1400 miles in a north and south direction.'

One of the great objects of the present Arctic Expedition is the prosecution of magnetic and meteorological observations, that shall render our knowledge of the magnetism of the northern hemisphere as complete as that obtained by Sir James Ross of the Antarctic regions.

If, by the concurrence of so many observers, and by persevering investigations of magnetic phenomena, we at last discover their laws, as we have discovered the laws by which a Divine Hand has regulated the motion of the planets—if we find the cause of those singular perturbations which agitate the magnetic needle at indeterminate epochs, and which seem to reveal to us mysterious evolutions in the liquefied masses surrounding our globe—if, by prolonged study, we succeed in dissipating the obscurity in which popular belief has enveloped this branch of natural science, not only will a new object of investigation be opened, and a new career given to ideas, but a new element will be added to the intellectual well-being of society. 'Whatever difficulties may have hitherto opposed the development of this science, it has yet made very notable progress since the end of the last century, and it now advances with a rapid and certain pace. Future ages will erect the edifice of which we have laid the foundations; and we may already say, with certainty, that the general plan is simple, and that its apparent complexity only arises from the close connexion of the parts with each other—a connexion so intimate, that it is difficult to circumscribe the limits of the phenomena.' 'Should the government observatories at Toronto and Van Diemen's Land ultimately come to be handed over to their respective colonies as part of their domestic institutions, not only would a permanent contribution of data be secured to science, but incalculable benefit would arise to the colonies themselves, in the possession of establishments in which the art of observing has been wrought up to elaborate perfection, and in which practice, going hand-in-hand with theory, would act as a powerful engine of public instruction.'

#### THE GO-ALONGS.

It is a common saying among military men that there are in the army two kinds of officers—the Come-alongs and the Go-alongs; or, in other words, if the saying can need any explanation, the skulkers, who are content with merely urging others onward in the path of duty and danger, and the brave fellows who stimulate by their example, and are as ready to share the peril as the glory.

In looking round upon the busy walks of life, we find that not a few consist of this Go-along kind of people. They will listen attentively to your benevolent projects; they will express their approbation of your principles of action; they will profess unqualified admiration of your mode of proceeding, and their cordial sympathy with the end you have in view; but immediately you solicit their countenance and aid, they shrink from your appeal, and endeavour to shuffle you off by protests of inability, or by plausibly insisting that they shall require time to consider of it; and endeavour to hide their indolence or parsimony under the plea of waiting to see 'how it will work.' They are convinced that the end is desirable, and the means unexceptionable, but any one may do the work, so that you will not trouble them; and, sinking back in their easy-chairs, these well-meaning Go-alongs sigh over the ignorance and wickedness of the world, bidding you good speed in your enterprise, but do not dream of putting a finger to the work.

Now, it is evident that if every one acted in this manner, no plan or project, however excellent, could by possibility be carried out. If every one thus shrunk from taking a part in the initiative, no benevolent enterprise would have a practical beginning, and its cradle would be also its grave. The thought and wish must

be mere abortions, which would never have strength to come to the birth, much less attain to manly stature and robustness. The great and noble institutions on which, as a nation, we justly pride ourselves, would never have seen the light, or have only dragged on a miserable and useless existence as bad as nonentity, and the mighty machinery for good which they have contributed to form, with all their vast and glorious results, must have been lost to the world. What an incalculable loss would it have been to society had some of the great men whose names adorn the page of history been mere Go-alongs! But our Hampdens, Newtons, Howards, and Wilberforces, were not such. Their hands moved with their hearts: they stamped their image upon the age in which they lived, and originated a circle of light and love which has extended to the ends of the civilised earth, and will continue to exert its influence to the end of time. If all, in fact, were mere Go-alongs, abuses could never be remedied, society could not improve, and all things must remain, as far as man is concerned, in an irremediably stagnant and corrupt state.

Far more injurious is the promised assistance of these Go-alongs to the success of a good project, than decided antagonism. A little opposition, indeed, often engenders a corresponding strength on the contrary side, and infuses an energy into the infant Hercules which fits it for giant struggles, and secures it an ultimate victory. But to be 'damned with faint praise'—to meet with a cold Go-along where we hoped to find a Come-along, is the deadliest of all opposition. Decided enemies, luring prospects, anything, in fact, is better than the meaningless promises of cold friends—the assurances of assistance of the mere Go-alongs.

The class of Go-alongs have not a little to answer for. They may hug themselves as being very well-meaning people, they may lament sincerely the ignorance, degradation, poverty, and the various ills under which many of their fellows are labouring, but they are chargeable with much that they little think of. The buds of a thousand blighted benevolent projects lie at their door; the unaided exertions of the brave Come-alongs, that march in the van of all that is useful and praiseworthy, beckoning onward the lagging rear, reproach them; and however unwilling they may be to bear the stigma, they must nevertheless be reckoned among the opponents of those benevolent projects which they only charge themselves at most with neglecting to countenance and assist. Many a social evil which inflicts misery and ruin, many a practice which is disgraceful and degrading, many a giant abuse, would be scouted and heard of no more, but for the apathy of these Go-alongs.

The other day I had occasion to call on one of these people, a friend of mine, a gentleman of property, on a benevolent errand. I knew him to be a kind-hearted man, and every way well able to afford the assistance which I, from the most disinterested motives, wished him to render to an embryo institution, in the prosperity of which I felt deeply concerned, and which I introduced to his notice. He listened to me in the most attentive manner while I put before him the necessities and claims of the project. In conclusion, he expressed himself in strong terms of admiration, and declared that in his opinion it was worthy of the most cordial support. Of course I expected after this eulogy he would offer us some assistance, or at least the use of his name; but as he made no such offer, I plainly asked him if he could in any manner advance our objects. 'Well,' said he, 'as to assisting your institution'—and here he began to play with his watch seals—'as to assisting you—why, I should be very happy, very, to lend you my name, but your society is at present hardly formed. I think I would rather wait a little while, and see how you get on, and if it come to anything, I will do something for you.' I had not the remotest personal interest in the prosperity of the institution for which I was pleading; but thinking remonstrance useless, I departed, sorely vexed at the strange apathy of this anomalous, warm-hearted, cold-handed

man, this freezing negative specimen of humanity, and wishing that I could convert this useless Go-along, hanging like a dead weight upon the rear of philanthropy, into a Come-along in the van, for which his position in society and ample means so well qualified him.

But the Go-alongs do not altogether escape punishment. Independently of the superior respect always felt for those who act manfully and uncalculatingly upon the good impulses of their nature, compared with those who shrink from the call of duty, and are the slaves of some cowardly expediency, posterity treats their memory with indifference and forgetfulness. History—both the history of nations and the more circumscribed history of smaller communities—deals impartially with the memory both of the Come-alongs and the Go-alongs. The memory of the Go-alongs dies, for the most part, with them; none have much reason to hold their name in esteem or reverence. History deals with what men do, not what they think or intend; and they leave little behind them for their fellows to love or imitate. But the Come-alongs still live in their deeds; their name, if history inscribe it not in her pages, is enshrined in the heart of the family, the village, the city; and the footprints of departed philanthropy are looked on with love and veneration by their successors.

## THE BRIDE'S JOURNEY.

BY MRS CROWE.

In the year 1809, when the French were in Prussia, M. Louison, an officer in the commissariat department of the imperial army, contracted an attachment for the beautiful Adelaide Hext, the daughter of a respectable but not wealthy merchant. The young Frenchman having contrived to make his attachment known, it was imprudently reciprocated by its object; we say imprudently, for the French were detested by her father, who declared that no daughter of his should ever be allied to one of the invaders and occupants of his beloved country. Thus repulsed, M. Louison had the good sense not to press his suit, and proceeded to Vienna, where he was installed in a lucrative office suitable to his wishes and abilities. Here, however, he could not altogether relinquish the expectation of being one day married to the fair Adelaide Hext, with whom he continued to correspond.

After the lapse of a few months, the aspect of affairs underwent a material change. Hext lay, as he supposed, and as the doctors told him, on his deathbed, and, pondering on the probable destitution of his family, he repented his rash vow, and stated to Adelaide that he should no longer oppose her wishes. M. Louison, procuring leave of absence for a few days, was speedily on the spot, and, with as little loss of time as possible, was united to the daughter of the seemingly dying merchant. As, in such circumstances, it would have been cruel for Madame Louison to leave the bedside of her aged parent, it was arranged that she should remain till the period of his decease, and then join her husband, who, in the meanwhile, was compelled to return to Vienna. The old man, however, recovered as soon as his son-in-law departed, and he now almost wished the marriage were undone; but as that was impracticable, he, with as good a grace as possible, saw his daughter set out on her journey to Dresden, whence she was to be escorted to Vienna by M. de Monge, a friend of her husband.

Nothing occurred to interrupt the journey of Madame Louison, for the intermediate country was tranquil, and she had the happiness of arriving safely under the roof of her husband's friend. This person was one of those who will act conscientiously in all situations of life, until they encounter an irresistible temptation to error. Such was the present occasion. Overcome with the beauty of his unsuspecting guest, he basely attempted to divert her affections from her husband—an attempt which the noble Friedlander repelled with



becoming scorn. To cut short a long tale, this mortification filled De Monge with vengeful sentiment, at the same time that his fears were awakened, as he could hardly doubt that the lady would acquit her husband with his treachery. He affected to pass off his overtures as nothing more than a jocular trial of her resolutions, but secretly suffered from the torments of fear and resentment, inasmuch that he was at length driven to the contemplation of a dreadful crime. The story is almost too incredible for belief, yet our authority assures us that the facts occurred as we propose to state them.

Having detained the lady in Dresden considerably beyond the day when she expected to set out, De Monge was at length compelled to allow her departure. Her escort through the partially-disturbed country in which she was to travel, was to consist of an individual who was well acquainted with the roads, and had frequently acted as a courier on the Italian frontier. Mazzuolo, as this man was called, was an Italian by birth, and gladly undertook a commission which promised him a rich harvest of booty. His bargain with the treacherous De Monge was, that if he made away with the life of Madame Louison while on the journey, and before she could communicate with her husband, he was to be at liberty to carry off all her baggage, which contained valuable articles to a large amount. The Italian only stipulated that his wife, dressed in male attire, and a lad on whom he could depend, should accompany him. Every thing being settled, the morning of departure arrived.

Adelaide had not seen her travelling companions till they arrived with the carriage, into which she was handed by Mazzuolo, with all the deference that her beauty and elegant attire might naturally command. She wore a black velvet bonnet and Chantilly veil, a crimson silk pelisse trimmed with rich furs, a boa of Russian sable; and, over all, a loose velvet pelisse, lined with fur. Mazzuolo and his wife thought that this augured well for the contents of her trunk.

The length of the journey, the dangers of the road, and the goodness or badness of the inns they should have to rest at, formed the subjects of conversation for the first hour or two. The stage was very long, and it was eleven o'clock before they reached their first relay of horses, by which time the young traveller had decided that she had great reason to be satisfied with her companions. The Italian was polite and entertaining; he had travelled a great deal, and was full of anecdote; and being naturally lively and garrulous, the design he entertained of taking away the life of his charge did not prevent his making himself agreeable to her in the meantime. With his well-seared conscience, he neither felt nervous nor saturnine at the prospect of what was before him—why should he indeed?—for the only part of the prospect he fixed his eye upon was the gain; the little operation by means of which it was to be acquired, he did not think very seriously of; besides, he did not intend to perform it himself.

When they stopped to change horses, a lad of about seventeen years of age, named Karl, nephew of Mazzuolo's wife, came to the carriage door: he seemed to have been waiting for them. Mazzuolo spoke to him aside for some minutes, and when they started again, the youth mounted in front of the carriage. The Italian said he was a lad they had engaged to look after the luggage, and be useful on the journey. He was, in fact, one who was hired to do any piece of work, good or bad. He possessed no moral strength, could be easily led by the will of his employers; in short, was a very useful ally. He had a broad, fair, stolid, German face; and from the glimpse she had of him, Adelaide thought she had seldom seen a more unprepossessing-looking person. His home had been a rude and unhappy one; his manners were coarse and unpolished, and his dress shabby.

The first day's journey passed agreeably enough. When they arrived at their night's station, Mazzuolo having handed out the ladies, bade them go up stairs and order supper, whilst he and Karl looked to the putting up of the carriage. Agostina, or Tina, as her

husband commonly called her, insisted very much on having a room for Adelaide adjoining her own, alleging as her reason that they were answerable for her safety. The bride thanked her for her caution, but added, laughingly, that she did not think she had much to fear. It was some time before the two men joined them; and then they sat down to supper, the lad Karl acting as waiter. As he stood behind his aunt's chair, and exactly opposite Adelaide, he appeared much affected by her beauty; but of this, of course, the lady took no notice. When supper was over, being fatigued, she retired to her room; and then the party that remained closed the door, and bidding Karl sit down and eat his supper, they held a council on her fate.

Mazzuolo opened the conference by mentioning that he had already given the lad a hint of what was expected of him, and Tina asked him if he thought he was equal to the undertaking. Karl said he did not know; whereupon they encouraged him with promises of a handsome share of the booty, telling him also that they would stand by him, and help him if necessary. But the question was, how was the thing to be done, and where? Whether on the road by day, or in the night where they stopt? In either case there were difficulties; many parts of the road they had to pass were extremely lonely, and fit for the purpose, but then how were they to get rid of the postilion? And as they had a fresh one at every stage, there was no time to win him to their purpose. Then, at the inns, the obstacles were also considerable, especially as the houses were generally small. Tina suggested that whenever the bride dropt out of the party, she had only to resume her female attire, and the people would never miss her. 'Karl can take my place in the carriage,' she said, 'and I Madame Louison's. Thus we shall appear to be as many as we were; and there will be no discrepancy with the passport.' The hint was approved; but after an hour's discussion, they found it impossible to conclude upon any plan; the execution of their projects must be left to chance and opportunity—all they had to do was, to be prepared to seize upon the first that offered.

During the progress of this conversation, Karl made no observation whatever. He listened in silence; not without attention, but without objection, even although, in the different plans that were proposed, he heard himself always designated as the active agent in the murder. When the council broke up, the parties retired to bed—their present station being too near Dresden for their purpose. Next day they resumed their journey; and as their way lay through a gloomy forest, nothing but the presence of the postilion saved the young bride's life. The night was passed at a post-house, where there were so few rooms, that Adelaide had to sleep in the same apartment with the daughter of the owner: so here was nothing to be done either. The Italians began to grow impatient at these difficulties, and Mazzuolo proposed a change in their tactics. On the previous evening, the weather being very cold, Madame Louison had ordered a fire in her chamber. She would doubtless do the same on the ensuing night; and all they had to do was to fill the stove with charcoal, and her death would follow in the most natural way in the world. They were to pass the night at Nuremberg; and, as soon as they arrived, Karl was sent out to procure the charcoal; but, after remaining away a long time, he came back saying the shops were all shut, and he could not get any; and as the inn at Nuremberg was not a fit place for any other kind of attack, Adelaide was respite for another four-and-twenty hours.

On the following day, in order to avoid such another *contretemps*, the charcoal was secured in the morning whilst they were changing horses, and placed in a sack under the seat of the carriage.

It happened on this day that the road was very hilly, and as the horses slowly dragged the carriage up the ascents, Madame Louison proposed walking to warm themselves. They all descended; but Tina, being stout,

and heavy on her feet, was soon tired, and got in again; whilst Mazzuolo, with a view to his design against Adelaide, fell into conversation with the driver about the different stations they would have to stop at. He wanted to extract all the information he could—so he walked beside the carriage, whilst Madame Louison and Karl, who were very cold, walked on as fast as they could.

'You look quite chilled, Karl,' said she; 'let us see who will be at the top of the hill first—a race will warm us.'

The youth strode on without saying anything; but as she was the more active, she got before him; and when she reached the top, she turned round, and playfully clapping her hands, said, 'Karl, I've beaten you!' Karl said he had had an illness lately, and was not so strong as he used to be; he had gone into the water when he was very warm, and had nearly died of the consequences. This led her to observe how thin he was clad; and when the carriage overtook them, she proposed that, as there was plenty of room, he should go inside; to which the others, as they did not want him to fall ill upon their hands, consented. With the glasses up, and the furs that the party were wrapt in, the inside of the carriage was very different to the out; and Karl's nose and cheeks, which had before been blue, resumed their original hues.

It was late when they reached their night station, and, whilst the ladies went up stairs to look at their rooms, Karl received his orders, which were, that he should fill the stove with charcoal, and set fire to it, whilst the others were at table. The lad answered composedly that he would. 'And when you have done it,' said Mazzuolo, 'give me a wink, and I will step out and see that all is right before she goes to her room.'

Karl obeyed his directions to a tittle, and when all was ready, he gave the signal, and Mazzuolo, making a pretext, quitted the table. He found the arrangements quite satisfactory, and having taken care to see that the window was well closed, he returned to the supper-room. He was no sooner gone than the boy took the charcoal from the stove and threw it into the street; and when Adelaide came to undress, there was no fire. Cold as it was, however, she had no alternative but to go to bed without one, for there was not a bell in the apartment; and Mazzuolo, who had lighted her to the door, had locked her in, under pretence of caring for her safety. Karl, having watched this proceeding, accompanied him back to the supper-table, where they discussed the plans for the following day. Whether would it be better to start in the morning without inquiring for her at all, and leave the people of the house to find her dead, when they were far on the road, or whether make the discovery themselves? Karl ventured to advocate the first plan; but Tina decided for the second. It would be easy to say that the lad had put charcoal in the stove, not being aware of its effects, and there would be an end of the matter. If they left her behind, it would be avowing the murder. This settled, they went to bed.

What to do, Karl did not know. He was naturally a stupid sort of lad, and what little sense nature had given him, had been nearly beaten out of him by harsh treatment. He had had a miserable life of it, and had never found himself so comfortable as he was now with his aunt and her husband. They were kind to him, because they wanted to make use of him. He did not want to offend them, nor to leave them; for if he did, he must return home again, which he dreaded above all things. Yet there was something in him that recoiled against killing the lady. Grossly ignorant as he was, scarcely knowing right from wrong, it was not morality or religion that deterred him from the crime; he had a very imperfect idea of the amount of the wickedness he would be committing in taking away the life of a fellow-creature. Obedience was the only virtue he had been taught; and what those in authority over him had ordered him to do, he would have done without much question. To kill his beautiful travelling companion, who had

shown him such kindness, was, however, repugnant to feelings he could not explain even to himself. Yet he had not sufficient grasp of intellect to know how he was to elude the performance of the task. The only thing he could think of in the meanwhile was to take the charcoal out of the stove; and he did it; after which he went to sleep, and left the results to be developed by the morning.

He had been desired to rise early; and when he quitted his room, he found Mazzuolo and his wife already stirring. They bade him go below and send up breakfast, and to be careful that it was brought by the people of the house. This was done; and when the waiter and the host were present, Tina took the opportunity of knocking at Madame Louison's door, and bidding her rise. To the great amazement of the two Italians, she answered with alacrity that she was nearly dressed, and should be with them immediately. They stared at each other; but presently she opened the door, and appeared as fresh as ever; observing, however, that she had been very cold, for that the fire had gone out before she went to bed. This accounted for the whole thing, and Karl escaped all blame.

During the ensuing day nothing remarkable occurred: fresh charcoal was provided: but at night it was found there were no stoves in the bedchambers; and as the houses on the road they were travelling were poor and ill furnished, all the good inns having been dismantled by the troops, the same thing happened at several successive stations.

This delay began to render the affair critical, for they were daily drawing near Augsburg, where M. Louison was to meet his wife; and Mazzuolo resolved to conclude the business by a *coup de main*. He had learnt from the postilion that the little post-house which was to form their next night's lodging was admirably fitted for a deed of mischief. It lay at the foot of a precipice, in a gorge of the mountains: the district was lonely, and the people rude, not likely to be very much disturbed, even if they did suspect the lady had come unfairly to her end. It was not, however, probable that the charcoal would be of any use on this occasion; the place was too poor to be well furnished with stoves; so Karl was instructed in what he would have to do. 'When she is asleep,' said Mazzuolo, 'you must give her a blow on the head that will be sufficient to stun her. Then we will complete the job; and as we shall start early in the morning with Tina in female attire, they will never miss her.' Karl, as usual, made no objection; and when they arrived at night at the inn, which fully answered the description given, and was as lonely as the worst assassins could desire, the two men sallied forth to seek a convenient place for disposing of the body. Neither had they much difficulty in finding what they wanted: there was not only a mountain torrent hard by, but there was also a deep mysterious hole in a neighbouring field, that looked very much as if the body of the young traveller would not be the first that had found a grave there.

Every circumstance seemed to favour the enterprise; and all arrangements made, the two men returned to the house. Karl thought it was all over with him now. He was too timid to oppose Mazzuolo, and he had nobody to consult. Tina had found a weapon apt for the purpose, which she had already secured; and when they sat down to supper, considering the completeness of the preparations, nobody would have thought Adelaide's life worth six hours' purchase. However, she was not destined to die that night. Just as they had finished their supper, the sound of wheels was heard; then there was a great noise and bustle below; and Karl being sent down to inquire what was the matter, was informed that a large party of travellers had arrived; and as there was a scarcity of apartments, it was hoped the lady and gentlemen would accommodate the strangers by allowing them to share theirs. Consent was inevitable; so, like the sultan's wife in the Arabian tale, the victim was allowed to live another day.

'Now,' said Mazzuolo, 'we have only two nights more before we reach Augsburg, so there must be no more shilly-shallying about the matter. If there is a stove in the room to-night, we may try that; though, if the house be in a pretty safe situation, I should prefer more decisive measures. The charcoal has failed once already.'

'That was from bad management,' said Tina; 'we could be secure against such an accident on another occasion. At the same time, if the situation be favourable, I should prefer a *coup de main*.'

When they arrived at their night's station, the absence of a stove decided the question. It was merely a post-house, a place where horses were furnished; the accommodation was poor, and the people disposed to pay little attention to them. Close by ran a river, which obviated all difficulty as to the disposal of the body.

'The thing must be done to-night,' said Mazzuolo; and Karl said nothing, to the contrary. He also feared that it must; for he did not see how he could avoid it. His aunt said everything necessary to inspire him with courage and determination, and made many promises of future benefits; whilst Mazzuolo neither doubted his obedience nor his resolution, and spoke of the thing as so entirely within the range of ordinary proceedings, that the boy, stupid and ignorant, and accustomed, from the state of the country, to hear of bloodshed and murders little less atrocious committed by the soldiery, and neither punished nor severely condemned, felt ashamed of his own pusillanimity—for such his instinctive pity appeared to himself.

But as he stood opposite Madame Louison at supper, with his eyes, as usual, fixed upon her face, his heart involuntarily quailed when he thought that within a few hours he was to raise his hand against that beautiful head; yet he still felt within himself no courage to refuse, nor any fertility of expedient to elude the dilemma.

When supper was over, Tina desired Karl to bring up two or three pails of warm water, and several cloths; 'for,' said she, 'it will do us all good to bathe our feet; whereupon Adelaide requested one might be carried to her room, which was done by Karl. He was now alone with her, and it was almost the first time he had been so, except when they ran up the hill together, since the day they met. When he had set down the pail by her bedside, he stood looking at her with a strange expression of countenance. He knew that the water he had fetched up was designed for the purpose of washing away the blood that he was about to spill, and he longed to tell her so, and set her on her guard; but he was afraid. He looked at her, looked at the water, and looked at the bed.

'Well, Karl,' she said laughing, 'good night. When we part the day after to-morrow, I shan't forget your services I assure you.' The lad's eyes still wandered from her to the water and the bed, but he said nothing, nor stirred till she repeated her 'good night,' and then he quitted the room in silence.

'Poor stupid creature!' thought Adelaide; 'he has scarcely as much intelligence as the horses that draw us.'

'Now we must have no bungling to-night,' Karl said Mazzuolo; 'we will keep quiet till two o'clock, and then, when everybody is asleep, we'll to business.'

'But what is it to be done with?' inquired Tina. 'There's something in the carriage under the seat; I brought it away the night we slept at Balreuth,' replied Mazzuolo; 'I'll step and fetch it; and he left the room; but presently returned, saying that there were people about the carriage, and he was afraid they might wonder what he was going to do with so suspicious-looking an instrument. 'Karl can fetch it when they are gone to bed.'

As it was yet only midnight, Tina proposed that they should all lie down and take a little rest; and the suggestion being agreed to, she and her husband stretched themselves on their bed, whilst Karl made the floor his couch, and, favoured by his unexcitable temperament, was soon asleep, in spite of what was before him.

It was past two o'clock when he felt himself shaken by the shoulder. 'Come, be stirring,' said Mazzuolo; 'we must about it without delay—the house has been quiet for some time.'

Karl was a heavy sleeper, and as he sat up rubbing his eyes, he could not at first remember what he was awakened for, nor how he came to be upon the floor. 'Come,' said Mazzuolo, 'come; she's fast asleep; I have just been to her room to look at her. You must step down now to the carriage and bring up the axe I left under the seat.'

Karl began to recollect himself, and, awkwardly rising from his hard couch, shaking and stretching himself like a dog, he prepared to obey, indifferent to everything at the moment but the annoyance of being disturbed in his slumbers. 'If you should meet anybody,' said Mazzuolo, 'say that your mistress is ill, and that you are going to fetch the medicine-chest.'

By the time he got below, the motion and the cool air had aroused the lad, and, with his recollection, revived his repugnance to the work before him; but he saw no means of avoiding it, and with an unwilling step he proceeded to the yard where the carriage stood, and having found the axe, he was returning with it, when he observed hanging against the wall a large horn or trumpet. Now, he had seen such a thing at several of the post-houses on the road, and he remembered to have heard one sounded on the night they slept in the mountains, when the travellers arrived late, and prevented the projected assassination. Instinctively, and without pausing to reflect how he should excuse himself—for if he had, he could not have done it—he placed the instrument to his mouth, and lustily blew it; and then, terrified at his temerity, and its probable consequences, rushed into the house, and up the stairs again to his master.

'The travellers' horn!' said Mazzuolo frantically. The lad was too frightened to speak, but stood still, pale and trembling. 'Wait,' continued the Italian; 'perhaps it may only be for horses, and they may go on again. I hear the people stirring.'

Feet were indeed heard upon the stairs, and presently a lantern gleamed beneath the window. 'I hear no carriage,' observed Mazzuolo. And for some time they sat listening; but there being no appearance of any travellers, he said he would go below and see how matters stood.

'Nobody is yet arrived,' said the master of the post-house in answer to his inquiries; 'but doubtless the signal was given by the avant courier, who has rode on to the next station; and the carriage will be here presently. We must be ready with the horses.'

As the travellers, however, did not arrive, but continued to be expected, the postmaster and the postillions remained up to watch for them; and when four o'clock came, Karl was bidden go to bed, as nothing could be attempted under such circumstances.

'Now,' said Mazzuolo on the following day, 'we sleep to-night at Meitingen, which is our last station. I know the place; it is too busy a house for a *coup de main*; we must try the charcoal again; but this time we must be sure of our game.'

Karl hoped there might be no stoves in the bed-chamber; but it was a well-furnished house, and there were. Adelaide said how glad she should be to have a fire again, she had suffered so much by the want of one, and desired Karl to light hers early. It appeared, however, that the servant of the house had already done it. Mazzuolo said 'So much the better. The stove will get well heated, and when you put in the charcoal, there will be no danger of its not burning.' And Tina suggested that that should not be done till just before Adelaide went to bed, lest she should perceive the effects of the vapour whilst she was undressing.

The young traveller had nater, on her journey, been in such high spirits as to-night. Well she might; it had been so prosperously performed, and to-morrow she was to meet her husband. She prattled and laughed dur-



ing supper with a light heart; expressed her gratitude to the Italians for their escort; and said that, if Monsieur Louison could be of any use to them, she knew how happy he would be to acknowledge their kindness to her. 'Really,' she said, 'travelling at such a period, with so many valuables, and such a large sum of money as I have with me, was a bold undertaking!'

Mazzuolo, during the first part of her speech, was beginning to weigh the advantages of the commissary's favour against the dangers and difficulties of the assassination—difficulties which had far exceeded his expectations, and dangers which were of course augmented by the proximity to Augsburg—but the latter part of it decided the question; the money and valuables preponderated in the scale, and the good opinion of the commissary kicked the beam.

Partly from the exaltation of her spirits, and partly because the day's journey had been a short one—for the stoppage at Meitingen was quite unnecessary—they were within four hours of Augsburg, and might very well have reached it—Adelaide was less fatigued and less willing to go to bed than usual. She sat late; and it was past twelve when, having asked for her candle, Karl received the signal to go and prepare the stove. Mazzuolo followed him out, to see that the work was well done, and the charcoal ignited before she went to her room. When all was ready, her candle was put into her hand, and Mazzuolo having conducted her to the door, took the precaution of turning the key, which he afterwards put in his pocket. She rallied him on the strictness of his guardianship; but he alleged gravely that the house was a busy one, and she might perchance be disturbed if her door were not secured.

They listened till she was in bed, and then Mazzuolo said that they could not do better than go to bed too; 'for,' said he, 'the earlier we are off in the morning the better. There will be the fewer people up, and the less chance of her being missed.'

When Karl reached his room, he sat down on the side of his bed and reflected. He had observed that the last thing Mazzuolo had done before leaving Adelaide's chamber, was to see that the window was well closed. 'If I could open it,' thought he, 'to-morrow we shall be at Augsburg, and then I should not be told any more to kill her. I wish I could. They'll go away in the morning before she is awake, and so I should never be found out.' With this idea in his head, he went down stairs, and letting himself out, he crept round to the end of the house where her window was.

She slept on the first floor, and the difficulty was how to reach it; but this was soon overcome. In the stable-yard stood some high steps, used for the convenience of passengers when they mounted the wagons and diligences. These he carried to the spot, and having reached the window, he was about to break some of the panes, since, as it fastened on the inside, he could not open it, when it occurred to him that the noise might wake her, and cause an alarm that would betray him. The window, however, was in the lattice fashion, and he saw that, by a little contrivance, he could lift it off the hinges. He did so, and drew aside the curtain; there lay the intended victim in a sound sleep; so sound, that Karl thought he might safely step in without disturbing her. There she lay in her beauty.

He could not tell why, but, as he stood and looked at her, he felt that he *must* save her at all risks. The air he had let in might not be enough; he would take the charcoal from the stove and throw it out of the window; but what if she awoke with the noise, and screamed? He hesitated a moment; but he remembered that this would be a safer plan than leaving the window open, as that might be observed in the morning from below, and he would thus be betrayed. So, as quietly as possible, he emptied the stove, and then, having sufficiently aired the room, he hung on the window again, and retired.

During the whole of these operations Adelaide had remained quite still, and appeared to be sound asleep. But was she? No. The opening of the window had

awakened her: surprise and terror had at first kept her silent—a surprise and terror that were by no means diminished by discovering who the intruder was. Although she had always spoken kindly to Karl, and even endeavoured, by the amenity of her manner, to soften his rude nature, she had from the first moment disliked him exceedingly, and felt his countenance most repulsive; so that when she saw him entering her room through the window, she did not doubt that he was come for some very bad purpose, probably to rob her, although the booty he was likely to get was small, since her trunks, with all her valuable property, were nightly placed under Mazzuolo's care for safety. Still, the little money she carried in her purse, together with her rings and watch, would be a great deal to so poor a creature; and expecting to see him possess himself of these, she thought it more prudent to lie still, and feign sleep, than to disturb him. But when she saw that all he came for was to take the fire out of the stove, she was beyond measure puzzled to conceive his motive. Could it be a jest? But what a strange jest! However, he did nothing else; he touched neither her money nor her watch, though both were lying on the table, but went away as empty-handed as he came.

The amazement and alarm that so extraordinary a visit necessarily inspired, drove sleep from her eyes, and it was not till the day dawned that she so far recovered her composure and sense of safety, as to close them in slumber. Then, however, fatigue got the better of her watchfulness, and she gradually sunk into a sound sleep.

In the meantime Karl, whose unexcitable temperament insured him his night's rest even under the most agitating circumstances, was in a happy state of oblivion of the whole affair, when he felt himself shaken by the shoulder, and heard his uncle say, 'Come, come, rise, and make haste! The sun is up, and we must get the horses out and be off.'

Karl was as anxious to be off as anybody: the sooner the better for him; for if Adelaide should awake before they started, he, on the one hand, dreaded that he might incur his uncle's suspicion, and, on the other, that some new plot might be formed, which it would be impossible for him to evade; so, between the exertions of one and the other, the horses were out, the bill paid, and the carriage at the door, very soon after the sun had shown his broad disc above the horizon. Tina, in female attire and a veil, was handed down stairs by Mazzuolo; the waiter stood on the steps and bowed, for the landlord was not yet up; they all three stepped into the carriage; the postilion cracked his whip, and away they drove, rejoicing.

In the meantime, Monsieur Louison had become very uneasy about his wife. He had received no intelligence since she quitted Dresden; for although she had in fact written more than once, Mazzuolo had not forwarded the letters. Day after day he had waited in impatient expectation; till at length, unable to bear his suspense any longer, he resolved to start on the road she was to come, in the hope of meeting her. When he reached the gate called the Gözinger, his carriage was stopped by a berlin containing two men and a woman. It was loaded with luggage; and thinking that this might be the party he expected, he jumped down, and put his head into the window of the berlin, to ascertain if his wife were there. She was not; so, with a bow and an apology, he proceeded on his way. At Meitingen he stopped to change horses; and the first question that was asked him was, if he had seen a heavily-laden berlin, containing two men and a woman. On answering in the affirmative, he was informed that they had gone off with the property of a lady, whom they had left behind, and who was then in the inn; and in a moment more the young husband pressed his bride to his heart. But, eager to chase the thieves, they wasted no time in embraces, but started instantly in pursuit of them. On reaching the same gate where the berlin had been seen, the officers described in what direction the

party had driven; and the police being immediately on the alert, the criminals were discovered and arrested just as they were on the point of starting for Vienna.

The ample confession of Karl disclosed the villany of the Italians, and made known how narrowly the commissary had escaped the loss of his fair young bride; whilst, as he told his rude and simple tale, without claiming any merit, or appearing to be conscious of any, Adelaide learnt that to this repulsive stupid clown she had three times owed her life.

The Italians were condemned to the galleys; whilst Monsieur Louison and his wife discharged their debt of gratitude to Karl, by first educating him, and then furnishing him with the means of earning his living with respectability and comfort.

De Monge was degraded from his situation, and the universal execration that pursued him drove him ultimately to America, where, under a feigned name, he ended his days in obscurity.

#### LEGENDS OF THE ISLES, &c.\*

THIS is the third volume of poetry which Mr Charles Mackay has given to the world within the last five years. He evidently writes from fulness of heart, happy in his high and pure vocation; and he is, moreover, convinced, as he tells his readers, 'that poetry, and the love of poetry, are not necessarily extinguished by the progress of railroads, as all the smatterers have taken delight in affirming.' The true spirit of poetry can never become extinct among a people, though poetry, as an art, has its seasons of exaltation and depression. Nature rarely produces genius of a high order, and the direction which genius takes must also, to a considerable extent, be regulated by the prevailing national taste. This is the case both in literature and in art. The drama, for example, which, in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, attracted the brightest and most imaginative spirits of the age, would scarcely now be selected by a youthful aspirant; and the poetry of manners or artificial life, blended with personal satire, would not at present be relished so keenly, or so eagerly pursued, as in the days of Dryden, Swift, and Pope, and their immediate successors. The fact is, we have advanced since those times. We have thrown off some stiff conventional rules, and have gained in the appreciation, if not in the production, of great and original works of genius. Thomson, Cowper, and Burns, elevated the public taste and feeling by drawing them nearer to nature, and to the genuine fountains of inspiration—the ever-living passions of mankind, and the beauties or sublimities of creation; and hence the great masters—Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and others—have attained to a new and a wider empire over the public mind. The works of Scott and Byron kindled a passion for animated and romantic poetry, which still survives, especially among the young; but the very extent of their popularity, and of the excitement which their works produced, led to a reaction after their death, which for a time seemed to throw poetry into the shade. Then we had the succeeding marvels and occurrences of actual life—the triumphs of steam on sea and land—inventions of all kinds—travellers into every country—and the increased study of the exact and physical sciences. Men were animated with high and lofty aims. The love of truth led to philosophical and historical inquiries far deeper and more profound than were deemed necessary a century ago—criticism became more searching and universal in its sympathies and judgments—the depths of humanity were sounded—and the pursuit of moral and political amelioration vastly extended. The vocation of the poet was thus in some measure subordinated to other studies and designs; but the spirit of the 'divine art' was still undiminished.

\* *Legends of the Isles and other Poems*, by Charles Mackay, author of the '*Salamandrine*,' the '*Hope of the World*,' &c. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

Poetry had retired into her strongholds, but had not lost an inch of her territories, nor an iota of her power. Countless editions of the old poets were called for by the poor as well as the rich; and in spite of adverse criticism from high places, the writings of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, &c. worked their way into popular favour. If we have had more poets since the death of Byron, we have had more readers of poetry than ever were before. All booksellers' and publishers' catalogues show this result: all experience tells us that the progress of mechanics has certainly not extinguished the love of song.

Among the few who have cultivated poetry of late years with perseverance and success, is the author before us. His first volume, '*The Hope of the World*,' &c. contained some excellent didactic verse, in that 'simple, natural, and enduring school of poetry which has produced such writers as Pope, Goldsmith, Rogers, and Campbell.' In his second volume, entitled '*The Salamandrine, or Love and Immortality*,' Mr Mackay departed in some degree from the models of his early taste, and copied rather the style of Shelley and Coleridge. His poem is founded upon a passage in the Rosicrucian romance of the Count de Gabalis, by the Abbe de Villars, to which we are partly indebted for the Rape of the Lock and the story of Undine—the primary idea being the efforts made by a lovely elemental spirit to gain an immortal soul by means of love. The *Salamandrine* is a very charming poem, written with great sweetness of versification, and a fine flow of fancy and imagery. Even the want of human interest, which such a subject would seem to imply, is scarcely felt by the reader, owing to the variety of incidents and situations through which the author conducts his heroine, and the number of fine sentiments and descriptions with which the poem abounds. The diction is also pure and simple, without descending to the prosaic, or swelling into extravagance.

This third publication of Mr Mackay's is of a miscellaneous character. His '*Legends of the Isles*' occupy rather more than a third of the volume, and embrace some of those striking superstitions and wild beliefs which still linger among the rocky shores and caves of the Hebrides. The first of these, '*The Sea-King's Burial*,' is the most powerful. It is founded on the fact, or tradition, mentioned by Carlyle in his *Hero Worship*, that the old Norse kings, when about to die, had their body laid in a ship; the ship sent forth with sails set, and slow fire burning in it; that, once out at sea, it might blaze up in flame, 'and in such manner bury worthily the old hero, at once in the sky and in the ocean.' Mr Mackay has treated this poetical and romantic subject with great felicity. His versification, and some of his lines, remind us of Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic*; but there is an original force and freedom in his style, and a power of picturesque painting in his sketch of the old sea-king, the fatal vessel, and the solitary conflagration, that have rarely been surpassed. He has heightened the effect of his strange and appalling death-scene by representing the ship as overtaken by a heavy storm, in the midst of which the fire bursts out from below, flinging a lurid radiance on the sky and waters, but without depressing the courage or resolution of the stern old savage Viking.

' Once alone a cry arose,  
Half of anguish, half of pride,  
As he sprang upon his feet  
With the flames on every side.  
"I am coming," said the king,  
"Where the swords and bucklers ring—  
Where the warrior lives again  
With the souls of mighty men—  
Where the weary find repose,  
And the red wine ever flows;  
I am coming, great All-father,  
Unto thee!  
Unto Odin, unto Thor,  
And the strong true hearts of yore—  
I am coming to Valhalla,  
O'er the sea."

Red and fierce upon the sky  
 Until midnight shone the glare,  
 And the burning ship drove on  
 Like a meteor of the air.  
 She was driven and hurried past,  
 'Mid the roaring of the blast;  
 And of Balder, warrior born,  
 Nought remained at break of morn,  
 On the charred and blackened hull,  
 But some ashes and a skull;  
 And still the vessel drifted  
 Heavily,  
 With a pale and hazy light,  
 Until far into the night,  
 When the storm had spent its rage  
 On the sea.

Another of these poetical legends embodies the tradition (consecrated by some beautiful lines in the 'Pleasures of Hope') that St Columba once, or oftener, every year is seen on the top of Iona cathedral counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by witchcraft. Mr Mackay invests the Celtic tradition with some poetical accessories. He describes the tutelary saint of the holy island as sailing to Iona in a boat, without sail or oar, and, on his landing, being met on the beach by a 'pale and shadowy band,' uncovered, and each holding a taper. They proceed in silence to the church, which is lighted up as for a festival, and, after solemn music, the saint ascends the altar, while the ghostly company of kings and thanes, monks and jarls, kneel around—

'He craved a blessing on the Isles,  
 And named them, one by one—  
 Fair western isles that love the glow  
 Of the departing sun.  
 From Arran looming in the south,  
 To northern Orades,  
 Then to Iona back again,  
 Through all those perilous seas,  
 Three nights and days the saint had sailed  
 To count the Hebrides.'

We are not certain that this group of ghastly personages, assembled in the church, like the uncoffined spectres in Alloway Kirk, is so striking as the common conception of the saint standing alone, a giant form, on the ruined walls of the towering cathedral, 'conversing with the storm,' and numbering the islands of the ocean. Our author, however, has thrown a veil of romance and superstitious awe over the solitary voyage of Columbus, and has depicted the saint in a strain of great tenderness and solemnity. Our limits will not permit us to describe all these legends in detail. 'The Witch of Skerrievore' is a rapid and animated sketch; 'The Dance of Ballochroy,' a more luxurious and impassioned strain; and 'The Invasion of the Norsemen' is imbued with the rough energetic spirit and picturesqueness of the old ballad style. Independently of the poetry in these pieces, there is a charm in the scenery and objects with which they are connected. They recall the exquisite and sublime aspects of nature in our western islands, which may well challenge comparison with the rock scenery of Switzerland or the Rhine; while they are consecrated in the minds of our countrymen by many national and patriotic associations. The rude towers of Ordnish, and the ruined walls of Dunstaffnage, beetling over the stormy sea, impart to the grand and solitary landscape a far deeper interest than can ever attach to the mere rock, sky, and water. Nor is the magic halo of genius wanting. Scott and Wordsworth sailed among these scenes, and pictured them in verse, while Campbell spent several of his early and happy years amidst the wild cliffs and ocean music of the Hebrides.

The second part of Mr Mackay's volume consists of 'Songs and Poems.' Some of these have already appeared in print; and two of the songs—'The Founding of the Bell,' and 'Tubal Cain'—have been set to music, and enjoy considerable popularity. Indeed we do not know that finer specimens of elevated lyrical poetry have appeared since Campbell produced his inimitable war odes. They are highly original in conception, and have an easy strength and felicity of expression and

sentiment, that are seldom seen in modern poetry. Of the same elevated cast, but totally different in subject and versification, is a classical poem, 'The Death of Pan,' which we are tempted to subjoin entire. It is not unworthy of being ranked with the magnificent Hyperion of Keats.

#### THE DEATH OF PAN.

[In the reign of Tiberius, an extraordinary voice was heard near the Echinades, in the *Ægean Sea*, which exclaimed, 'Great Pan is dead!'—*PLUTARCH.*]

Behold the vision of the death of Pan.  
 I saw a shadow on the mountain side,  
 As of a Titan wandering on the cliffs;  
 Godlike his stature, but his head was bent  
 Upon his breast, in agony of woe;  
 And a voice rose upon the wintry wind,  
 Wailing and moaning—'Weep, ye nations, weep!  
 Great Pan is dying!—mourn me, and lament!  
 My steps shall echo on the hills no more;  
 Dumb are mine oracles—my fires are quenched,  
 My doom is spoken, and I die—I die!'

The full moon shone upon the heaving sea,  
 And in the light, with tresses all unbound,  
 Their loose robes dripping, and with eyes downcast,  
 The nymphs arose, a pallid multitude;  
 Lovely but most forlorn, and thus they sang,  
 With voices of sorrow—'Never, never more,  
 In these cool waters shall we lave our limbs;  
 Never, oh never more! in sportive dance  
 Upon these crested billows shall we play;  
 Nor at the call of prayer-emburdened men  
 Appear in answer; for our hour is come;  
 Great Pan has fallen, and we die! we die!'

Emerging slowly from the trackless woods,  
 And from the umbrageous caverns of the hills,  
 Their long hair floating on the rough cold winds;  
 Their faces pale; their eyes suffused with tears;  
 The Dryads and the Oreads made their moan:  
 'Never, oh never more!' distraught they cried,  
 'Upon the mossy banks of these green woods,  
 Shall we make music all the summer's day;  
 Never again at morn, or noon, or night,  
 Upon the flowery sward, by fount or stream,  
 Shall our light footsteps mingle in the dance;  
 Never again, discharging from the leaves  
 And twisted branches of these sacred oaks,  
 Shall we make answer at a mortal's call!  
 Our hour is come, our fire of life is quenched;  
 Our voices fade; our oracles are mute;  
 Behold our agony; we die! we die!'  
 And as they sang, their unsubstantial forms  
 Grew pale and lifeless, and dispersed in air;  
 While from the innermost and darkest nooks,  
 Deeper embowered amid those woods antique,  
 A voice most mournful echoed back their plaint,  
 And cried—'Oh, misery! they die! they die!'

Then passed a shadow on the moon's pale disc;  
 And to the dust, in ecstasy of awe,  
 I bent adoring. On the mountain-tops  
 Thick darkness crept, and silence deep as death's  
 Permeated Nature. The wind sank—the leaves  
 Forbore to flutter on the bending boughs,  
 And breathing things were motionless as stones,  
 As earth, revolving on her mighty wheel,  
 Eclipsed in utter dark the lamp of Heaven;  
 And a loud voice, amid that gloom sublime,  
 Was heard from shore to sea, from sea to shore,  
 Startling the nations at the unwonted sound,  
 And swelling on the ear of mariners  
 Far towing on their solitary barks,  
 A month's long voyage from the nearest land—  
 'Great Pan has fallen, for ever, evermore!'

The shadow passed, light broke upon the world;  
 And Nature smiled rejoicing in the beam  
 Of a new morning blushing from the east;  
 And sounds of music seemed to fill the air,  
 And angel voices to exult in high,  
 'Great Pan has fallen! and never more his creed  
 Shall chain the free intelligence of man.  
 The Christ is born, to purify the earth,  
 To raise the lowly, to make rich the poor,  
 To teach a faith of charity and love.  
 Rejoice! rejoice! an error has expired;  
 And the new Truth shall reign for evermore!'

There are two apologies, and several lines and allusions in Mr Mackay's volume, designed to encourage poets who sing in solitude, and to inculcate on them a love and reverence of their art, 'heedless of the world's applause.' One of these fabulous songsters tries in vain



to be heard amidst the smoke and noise of a great city, where all are too much absorbed in business or pleasure to listen to his melodies.

'The other nightingale, more wise than he,  
With fuller voice and music more divine,  
Stayed in the woods, and sang but when inspired  
By the sweet breathing of the midnight wind—  
By the mysterious twinkling of the stars—  
By adoration of the Great Supreme—  
By beauty in all hues and forms around—  
By Love and Hope, and Gratitude and Joy:  
And thus inspired, the atmosphere was rife  
With the prolonged sweet music that he made.  
He sought no listeners—heedless of applause—  
But sang, as the stars shone from inward light,  
A blessing to himself, and all who heard.  
The cottier, wending weary to his home,  
Lingered full oft to listen to his song,  
And felt 'twas beautiful, and blessed the strain:  
And lonely students, wandering in the woods,  
Loved nature more because this bird had sung.'

This intellectual purity of thought and purpose, and calm self-reliance, must ever characterise the high genius. At the same time, it matters not where the 'full voice' and 'divine music' be uttered. Most of our great poets have lived in cities, and partaken largely of the stir and business of the world. We would interpret our author as seeking only to inspire a pure and independent love of poetry, without sordid aims or servile devotion to public taste or criticism—as Scott threw off his tales of chivalry, or Byron his Oriental romances, or Wordsworth his philosophic and contemplative prelections, without any immediate prototype or copy. All are different, yet each is original. Scott, amidst law and society, was as devoted to literature as Wordsworth amidst his lakes and mountains; nor was Milton less a poet because he was Latin secretary to the commonwealth, and lived in London. The 'power and faculty divine' may subsist, and be felt equally in the populous city and the desert solitude; for poetry, like religion, has its shrine in the human heart, and like it also, it is its own exceeding great reward. Among the worshippers at this shrine, free from all alloy of selfishness, and animated by a true and hopeful spirit, we may well include Mr Charles Mackay. He has done much, and promises more. We should wish to see him exercise a more rigid scrutiny over his lines—to aim more at condensation and severe correctness of measure; and to lop off relentlessly every prosaic and halting couplet. With this subordinate labour, there is scarcely any degree of power or fame that he may not anticipate. He has great fluency and fancy, warm and strong affections, and that fine delicacy and depth of moral feeling which, like sunshine on a landscape, lightens up and sheds beauty on all around.

#### CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE

NO. IV.

OLDYS states that two hundred authors had written in praise of Sir Philip Sidney, who trod, says an eloquent writer, 'from his cradle to his grave, amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory.' The Stella of his poetry, the Philoclea of his Arcadia, was the Lady Penelope Devereux, sister of the Earl of Essex, whose rash conduct was tyrannically punished. She was his destined bride from childhood, but for some unknown reason their parents broke off the match, and it was never renewed. She is described as being a woman of surpassing beauty and of commanding figure. She was twice married, but her after-life was full of wretchedness. As for him who, if events had taken their natural course, would have been her husband—

Immortal Sidney, glory of the field,  
And glory of the muses—

he, it is well known, perished in his thirty-third year at the battle of Zutphen, 1586. His sonnets formed the favourite reading of Charles Lamb; and it is delightful to hear that writer, whose works have the true smack of originality about them, recount their praises. 'The general beauty of them is, that they are so perfectly characteristic. The

spirit of learning and chivalry, of which union Spenser has entitled Sidney to have been the president, shines through them. They are not rich in words only—in vague and unlocalised feelings—the falling too much of the poetry of the present day; they are full, material, and circumstantiated. Time and place appropriate every one of them. It is not a fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin diet of dainty words, but a transcendent passion, pervading and illuminating action, pursuits, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries, and his judgment of them.' We believe it was Campbell who said that Sidney's life was poetry put into action.

Dr Donne is one of that race of writers whom Johnson styles metaphysical. Conceits, a forced combination of dissimilar things, a profusion of unsuitable allusions and comparisons, disfigure their pages to an intolerable degree. Donne's versification is extremely rugged, exhibiting an unusual defect of ear; which arose, it is said, from the sound of his own name, John Donne, injuring its sense of euphony from his earliest days. Pope gave a new version of his satires, and called it a translation. Donne's character was not less eccentric than his verses. When secretary to Lord Elsinore, he privately married that nobleman's niece. His father-in-law was so much enraged, that he threw Donne into prison, and took his wife from him. Towards the close of his life, as he was recovering from a severe attack of illness, he caused himself to be enveloped in a winding-sheet like a corpse. He then sent for a painter, and shutting his eyes, ordered his portrait to be taken. The picture hung by his bedside until the close of his life. His biography is given by Isaac Walton in a volume which Wordsworth enthusiastically says was written by a pen made from a feather that dropped from an angel's wing.

The name of the author of 'Peter Wilkins,' a well-known fiction, was not discovered until very lately. By some persons the work was attributed to Bishop Berkeley, the metaphysician who, according to Pope, was possessed of every virtue under heaven. At a recent sale of manuscripts, the assignment of the copyright from R. Paltock to Dodsley, for ten guineas, was disposed of. 'It is a work of great genius,' says the late poet-laureate; 'and I know that both Sir Walter Scott and Mr Coleridge thought as highly of it as I do. His winged creatures are the most beautiful creatures of imagination ever devised.'

In consequence of some remarks in a periodical publication, we were induced to look once more at the poems of the courtly Waller, who has the reputation of being a great improver of the language, and one of our most polished versifiers. Undoubtedly the harmony of his numbers was a considerable advance before the majority of his predecessors, but his verse, upon the whole, is far inferior to the strength of Dryden and the brilliancy of Pope. Like all the writers of that age, with one illustrious exception, he is full of conceits. His fancy was less fantastic and agile than Cowley's, but he excelled that poet in the diffusion of colouring through his verses, and in rhythmical melody. The best of his smaller pieces, in our opinion, are the lines addressed to Lady Lucy Sidney, and the epitaph on the only son of Lord Andover. So tender a feeling pervades them, that we cannot but wish he had written more in the same style; and yet Campbell has neither given these in his Specimens, nor others which rank amongst Waller's most successful efforts. There are some lines in his poem on Divine Poesy, suggested by a copy of verses written by Mrs Wharton, wife of the notorious marquis, which are of admirable rhythm, and quite equal to anything in Pope—

'The church triumphant, and the church below,  
In songs of praise their present union show.  
Their joys are full; our expectation long;  
In life we differ, but we join in song.  
Angels and we, assisted by this art,  
May sing together, though we dwell apart.'

Waller's verse dealt too much in mere prettinesses to earn an enduring reputation; and 'compositions merely pretty,' says Dr Johnson, 'have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for something useful; they are flowers, fragrant and fair, but of short duration; or they are blossoms, to be valued only as they foretell fruits.' He was too much of the fine gentleman to be sincere; and indeed lived so much with the great, that telling truth would have been something more than a foible. He joined the crowd of adulators who tendered their congratulations in rhyme

to Charles II. upon his majesty's 'happy return.' Upon that occasion Waller said—

'We have you now, with ruling wisdom fraught—  
Not such as books, but such as practice taught.'

Nothing could be more untrue than this couplet, for neither the monarch nor the man had profited by the bitter lessons of the past. He exhibited an example of a class of persons to whom the schoolmistress Experience cruelly administers chastisement without teaching. 'One has little merit,' says Gray to his friend West, 'in learning the lessons of experience, for one cannot well help it; but they are more useful than others, and imprint themselves in the very heart.' Even this little merit did not belong to Charles. In glancing over Waller's pages, two coincidences with a greater poet were obvious. The passages in *Paradise Lost* and *Il Penseroso*, to which the following lines bear a strong resemblance, are too well known to be more particularly indicated:—

'As a church window thick with paint,  
Lies in a light but dim and faint,  
So we the Arabian coast do know  
At distance, when the spices blow;  
By the rich odours taught to steer,  
Though neither day nor stars appear.'

It is always an interesting employment to track the reading of great writers through the fields of literature, and to discover the places where they met with a thought which they took the trouble to carry home. Few poets were so entirely original as Burns; he sung for the most part from the impulses of his own spirit, and struck out a path too peculiarly his own to derive much light from others. But with respect to the passages we are about to place before the reader, there seems reason to believe that, if the thoughts were not deliberately copied by the Scottish bard, their sound was yet lingering in his ear when he wrote the lines we subjoin:—

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a't that.'

'Honour, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but gold and silver will pass all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight.'—*Tristram Shandy*.

'All hail, ye tender feelings dear;  
The smile of love, the friendly tear,  
The sympathetic glow:  
Long since, this world's thorny ways  
Had numbered out my weary days,  
Had it not been for you!'

'Sweet pliability of man's spirit, that can at once surrender itself to illusions which cheat expectation and sorrow of their weary moments. Long, long since had I numbered out my days, had I not trod so great a part of them on this enchanted ground: when my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it to some velvet path, which fancy has scattered over with rosebuds of delight, and having taken a few turns on it, come back strengthened and refreshed.'—*Sentimental Journey*.

'Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears,  
Her noblest work she classes, O!  
Her prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O!'

'Oh women, since we were made before ye, should we not admire ye as the last and perfectest work of nature? Man was made when nature was but an apprentice, but woman when she was a skilful mistress of her art.'—*Cupid's Whirligig, an old drama*.

'But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snowfall in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever.'

'Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes;  
Without preserve in virtue nothing lasts.'

—*Mariou's Hero and Leander*.

What an interesting chapter might be written upon the relics of great men, but here we can only mention a few in a paragraph as they occur to us at the moment. The houses where Ariosto, Rubens, Beethoven, and Goethe were born, are pointed out with pride at Reggio, Cologne, Bonn, and Frankfort. The chair in which Petrarch died is shown, with other memorials of the poet, at Arqua. The house where Boccaccio lived is preserved at Certaldo; and the houses of Voltaire, Madame de Staël, and Gibbon, are visited by every tourist to the Lake of Geneva. Dr Johnson's watch, teapot, and punch-bowl, are reverently preserved by their owners from crack or flaw. Rubens' chair is kept in a glass case in the Antwerp

Gallery. Sir David Wilkie's palette may be seen under a glass by the side of his statue in the National Gallery. The mast of Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, penetrated by a cannon ball, is at Windsor. Sir Walter Scott's body-clothes are shown at that 'romance in stone and lime,' Abbotsford. The ink-stands of Ariosto and Gray are in safe keeping. The bedstead of George Fox, the proto-Quaker, carved with his initials, may be seen by the inquisitive traveller at Swart Moor, in Lancashire. The cradle of Henri Quatre is in the castle of Pau, at the foot of the Pyrenees. Cups carved out of the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare are treasured by admirers of the bard. Some autograph letters of Petrarch are in the possession of Lord Holland. Of the five known autographs of Shakespeare, the three which have come into the market of late years have commanded astonishingly high prices. One is in the British Museum, one in the City of London Library, and the others, excepting the will at Doctors Commons, are in the hands of private individuals.

There are instances of authors who have distrusted their native language as a means of expressing their thoughts, either because they fancied it intrinsically mean, or because they apprehended its longevity would not equal that of their fame. Petrarch thought slightly of his sonnets and amatory pieces—for which alone 'the bones of Laura's lover' have been canonised—and rested his hopes of being transmitted to posterity upon a Latin epic that celebrated the exploits of Scipio in the second Punic war. Walter Savage Landor, the author of *Gebir*, almost avows that he has adopted the Latin tongue on several occasions, 'in order to secure,' says a critic, 'an imperishable name when the English shall be forgotten, so that when the planks of the British vessel fall him, he may step on the terra firma of the imperial literature of Rome.' Byron used to say that his greatest poem should be written in Italian, but that ten years' previous study would be required. It is not often that modern languages have been acquired with sufficient accuracy to justify a foreigner in the use of them for compositions meant to live. Gibbon, through an early residence abroad, wrote French with as much ease as English, and several of his writings preceding the *History* were composed in the former tongue; his English works are deeply tinctured with Gallic idioms in consequence. That wild fever-dream, *Vathek*, was originally written in French, at one sitting; and Mr Hope wrote *Anastasis* in the same language before it appeared in English. Mr Townley translated *Hudibras* into French.

#### FLOUGHING NEAR SOLEBNO.

The fields being without fences, have an open look; and the mingling of men and women together in their cultivation, gives them a chequered appearance, and renders them very picturesque. In the middle of a large green wheat field would be a group of men and women weeding the grain; the red petticoats and the blue spencers of the latter contrasting beautifully with the colour of the fields. In one plot of ground I saw a team and a mode of ploughing quite unique, yet withal very simple. The earth was soft, as if already broken up, and needed only a little mellowing; to effect this, a man had harnessed his wife to a plough, which she dragged to and fro with all the patience of an ox, he in the meantime holding it behind, as if he had been accustomed to drive, and she to go. She, with a strap around her breast, leaning gently forward, and he bowed over the plough behind, presented a most curious picture in the middle of a field. The plough here is a very simple instrument, having but one handle, and no share, but in its place a pointed piece of wood, sometimes shod with iron, projecting forward like a spear; and merely passes through the ground like a sharp-pointed stick, without turning a smooth furrow like our own.—*Headly's Letters from Italy*.

#### SOCIAL FEELINGS.

The social feelings have not been unaptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, placed together, they glow with a ruddy and intense heat.—*Private Life*.

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh (also 38, Miller Street, Glasgow); and, with their permission, by W. S. OAK, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by BRADBURY and EVANS, Whitefriars, London.